

11621. c. 2
4

A
COLLECTION
OF THE
NEWEST SONGS,

Sung at Vauxhall, Sadler's Wells,
and both the Theatres?

CONTAINING,

- I. Gramachree Molly,
- II. The Soldier's Farewell at parting
with his Wife for America.
- III. My Jemmy is crossed quite over
the main.
- IV. The Mouse's Nest.
- V. A New Song in the **DUENNA**,
Sung by Mr. **LEONARD**.



London: Printed and Sold in Stonecutter-Street
Fleet Market.

Gramachree MOLLY.

A S down on Banna's banks I stray'd,
 One eve'ning in May,
 The little birds in blithest notes,
 Made vocal every spray;
 They sung their little tales of love,
 They sung them o'er and o'er,
 Ah Gramachree, ma Chollenouge,
 Ma Molly am'tore.

The daisy pied, and all the sweets,
 The dawn of nature yields,
 The primrose pale, the violet blue,
 Lay scatter'd o'er the field;
 Such fragrance in the bosom lyes,
 Of her who I adore,
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,
 Bewailing my sad fate,
 That doom'd me thus the slave of love,
 And cruel Molly's hate.
 How can she break the honest heart,
 That wears her in its core,
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me Molly dear,
 Ah! why did I believe,
 Yet who could think such tender words,
 Were meant but to deceive;

That

That love was all I ask on earth,
Nay heav'n could give no more.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

Oh had I all the flocks that

Graze on yonder hill,

Or low'd for me the num'rous herds,

That yon green pasture fill,

With her I love I'd gladly share,

My kine and fleecy store,

Ah Gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves above my head,

Sat courting on a bough,

I envied them their happiness,

To see them bill and coo,

Such fondness once for me she shew'd,

But now alas! 'tis o'er,

Ah Gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well my Molly dear,

Thy loss I e'er shall mourn,

Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart,

'Twill beat for thee alone;

Tho' thou art false, may heav'n on thee

Its choicest blessings pour,

Ah Gramachree, &c.

The Soldier's Farewell at parting with his Wife for North America.

Farewell my dearest jewel,

My joy and heart's delight,

Who twenty years lay by my side,

And constant day and night.

My

My orders I have receiv'd,
And them I must obey,
Against my will to go to fight,
In North America.

With pleasure once to Germany,
I chearfully did go,
And with heart and hand did fight
Against my country's foe ;
I wish this was to Germany,
My arms for to display,
Instead of going now to fight,
In North America.

O can I go along with you,
My dear now tell to me,
To help and to assist you,
As when in Germany ?
No, no, my dearest Jewel,
No more of that I pray,
No wife of mine shall suffer,
In North America.

Was it against the Spaniards,
The French, or any Foe,
To help and be of service
My dearest you shou'd go ;
But as it is to distant climes,
At home my dear shall stay,
And pray that I may safe return
From North America.

When

When I went abroad before,
 'Twas with a valiant heart,
 And every one wish'd me success
 When with me they did part;
 But very few now wish success,
 Alas! and well a-day!
 So what can I expect to meet,
 In North America.

So once more farewell Molly,
 Adieu to the English Shore,
 It's a hundred unto one,
 If I e'er see thee more;
 You know I am a soldier,
 And in the British pay,
 And must obey my officers,
 In North America.

Behold 'em now parting,
 Both with flowing eyes,
 Her head upon his bosom,
 The children round them cries.
 Pray heaven it may guard you,
 My dear while I'm away.
 She faints he takes a Parting kiss,
 Then away for North America.

A New S O N G.

MY Jemmy is crossed quite over the main,
 And I fear I never shall behold him
 again;

Ye Powers above grant me but his charms,
 And send me Jemmy safe into my arms.

Ye pretty little warblers that sing thro' the
grove,

Convey me this letter to the hands of my love
Which will ease my fond heart, with sorrow
possess'd,

I am weary of roving and can take no rest.

It's down in yonder valley, I'll build him a
cave,

The sweetest of Jewels my Jemmy shall have,
With pinks' and sweet violets I'll make him a
bed,

And a garland of roses to crown Jemmy's head.

All this I'll go thro' for my sweet Jemmy's
sake,

I'll be guardian unto him till he does awake,
When day light appears, we will merrily sing,
Here's a health to young Jemmy, and long live
the king.

The MOUSE's Nest.

FINE Ladies have strange passions,
For dress and for new fashions,
To please their inclinations.

They study night and day

But one above the rest sir,

I'll tell you all the jest, sir,

Has bred a mouse's nest sir,

'Tis true as I've heard say.

This Ladies hair had fell off,
By some mishap they tell of,
She thought herself not well off,

For Master Puff lent her,
Pray quickly make a head dress,
It must not be a bit less,
Than wears the famous Countess,
Or any Quilley.

The Tonser set about it,
She could not do without it,
And all his shop he routed,

To find sufficient stuff:
An old wig in the chest fir,
Which held a mouses nest fir,
He cram'd in with the rest fir,
And out lets Master Puff,

He carried straight the treasure,
She view'd it with much pleasure,
And prais'd it beyond measure,

Then fix'd it on her skull:
It sat so close and clever,
She look'd more sweet than ever,
And said that lady never

Had such a head of wool.
It surely must cause laughter,
To hear that some time after,
The terrible disaster,

The mouse was brought to bed,
The young ones up and down fir,
Bit, scratch'd, and claw'd her crown fir,
Which made her rave and frown fir,
And tear her woolly head.

The more she scratch'd and tore fir,
 The mice they bit the more fir,
 Which made her stamp and roar fir,
 And off threw her wig:
 Six mice which did so maul her,
 She found wrapt in the caul fir,
 Which again made her to squeal fir,
 This was the barber's rig.

A New Song in the **DUENNA**, Sung
 by Mr. **LEONI**.

H A D I a heart for falshood fram'd,
 I ne'er cou'd injure you,
 For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
 Your charms wou'd make me true;
 To you no soul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong,
 But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.
 But when they learn that you have blest,
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part:
 Then lady dread not be deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong,
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

10 JU 52

F I N I S.

